

ECHOES FROM DREAMLAND

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Echoes From Dreamland

BY

THOS. OSTENSON STINE

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INTRODUCTION.

From the time I was a student at the State University of Washington I have had occasion to read the literary productions of Thomas Ostenson Stine. And inasmuch as it has fallen to my lot to read his manuscripts, without making or suggesting any changes, it affords me pleasure to give expression to my opinion. When he first commenced to write verse it could be plainly seen that he possessed thought-power and emotion, but his knowledge of prosody was deficient. After a year or two, however, of literary effort he had mastered the poetic art to such a perfection that it is almost impossible to detect a false accent in his metre, be it iabic, trochaic, dactylic, amphibrachic or any other form or combination of metre.

Poetry in our age is said to be losing its power as well as its popularity. If this be true we are certainly losing a fruitful source of pleasure and refinement, for in poetry we find expression for our tenderest affections and our deepest emotions.

Few things, surrounded by modern commercialism, are capable of maintaining their form for half a century or even a decade. Poetry with the rest must keep pace with the time, and the prize will be for him who grasps the spirit of the coming day, and touches the finer chord in the hearts of man. Not many among our honored dead

are more reverently remembered than the author of verse and song. When the present writers have gone from our view and the product of their pens has nearly vanished, then it is that the true lights will yield their richness.

Perusing the manuscripts of this volume, I cannot fail to find many beautiful thoughts which will grow in appreciation as ages glide away. Its author shows a warm sympathy, yet a careful estimate of life. There is much beauty, inspiration and truth in these two lines from "Reflections of Pete Laboe—"

"Each year we tried a step to rise,
To get a glimpse of Paradise."

The following quotation from "Universal Language" is expressive of the higher ideal of the human soul:

"So, let us all our forces join,
In heart united stand,
And love shall bloom in kindred speech
Through ages without end."

Throughout Mr. Stine's productions we see a penetrating intellect, fresh and rich thoughts entwined in wreaths of poetic art, which cannot fail to interest and inspire inquiring minds to higher and nobler things.

H. M. KORSTAD, A. M.

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TO THE READER.



THROUGHOUT this volume the title of each poem, containing more than one page, is reproduced on each succeeding page, hence the reader, who glances casually through the book, should be careful in turning to the beginning of each production.

THE PUBLISHERS.

ECHOES FROM DREAMLAND.



EMBLEM OF FREEDOM.

Emblem of freedom how dearly I hail thee,
Gleaning with spangles of victory won;
Smiling with hope, which with longing has filled me,
Courage and love that our fathers have shown.

Firm in protection,
Pure in affection,

Pride of our country, the flag of the brave!
Spirit awakens with fond recollection
Deeds of our fathers that sleep in the grave.

Tyranny rallied with fury despairing,
Peasants to battle for liberty flee.
Washington leading and firmly declaring,
"Yankees forever unconquered and free."

Land in commotion,
War on the ocean,

Never shall ruffle the flag on our shore,
Flag that our fathers with blood and devotion
Gallantly hoisted as onward they bore .

UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

From sea to sea our schools abound,
We boast of learning great,
Of him who speaks the Hebrew tongue,
In French a graduate.
We often grin at clannishness,
At prejudice, indeed,
When China's folly in the East
Through other minds we read.

We see the scholar, linguist, scribe,
At public places meet,
To nurse the dead, decaying tongues,
Or German phrases greet.
They talk of treasure, wealth to gain,
In Greek and Latin lore,
But fail to see the jewels bright
Upon the other shore.

UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

Who seeks to bar the stream of thought
From universal flow,
Erects a wall of clannishness,
Where thorns and thistles grow.
Who seeks to alienate the race
By divers tongues or creeds,
Impedes the growth of unity
And mischief sadly breeds.

Unveil the gems that nature holds,
Let love our weapon be
To rend the walls which separate,
Or chill our sympathy.
Unite mankind from pole to pole
By universal speech,
And weld all nations into one
To fit the poor and rich.

What language should the world adopt?
The English I would choose,
It's rich in words and vigorous,
And fit for all our use.
So, let us all our forces join,
In heart united stand,
And love shall bloom in kindred speech
Through ages without end.

REFLECTIONS OF PETE LABOE.

When songsters in their plumage fair
Had drooped on branches here and there;
When mountain peaks rose huge and high
Against the western, sunset sky;
I saw poor Pete; yes, Pete Laboe.
The tenant son in spirit low,
His locks were gray, and bent he stood
Upon the graveyard by the wood.
In restless mood he longed to hear,
The sacred voice of one so dear,
The echo of a maiden true,
The faithful servant, Nellie Prue.
A flood of love now shook his soul
To ecstasy beyond control;
For round his heart with magic care
He seemed to feel her touches rare.
His eyes grew moist, he gazed around,
And spake unheeded on the ground:
"No marble tops her weedy tomb,
No epitaph, no fragrant bloom;
Unknown she sleeps to pomp and fame,
But virtue smiles around her name."

REFLECTIONS OF PETE LABOE.

Ah, would to God her dust had tongue,
That she again might lay in song
Those thrilling tones of love divine,
Which brought her lips so oft to mine.
Ah, would to God the world could hear
The echo of her soul so dear,
The ebbing flow of love and truth,
Which symbolized her age and youth."
He stood and gazed upon her clay,
And weeping loud he paced away
With steps so tender on the grass,
And whispered low as he did pass:
"Despite of toil and servitude,
Of angry words and action rude,
She served her master true and brave
Till she was carried to the grave.
The master who for greed of wealth
Had plucked her vitals—robbed her health—
For when he quaffed his wine so red
She toiled outdoors alone and sad;
And often as the tears did roll
Adown her cheeks to soothe her soul,

REFLECTIONS OF PETE LABOE.

She thought about her humble birth
And pitied all the poor on earth;"
White on the sacred ground he paced
Unconscious to his brow he raised
His bony hand from weather brown,
And on the graveyard, kneeling down,
He thought of days when Nell and he
Together capered round in glee;
He thought of days with gladness filled,
And poverty that would not yield.
His soul now ebbed with overflow,
And quoth again in accents low:
"How oft I saw her flit around
With bleeding feet upon the ground,
In chase of cattle on the leap,
Or wading through the jungles deep;
How oft I met her on the trail,
When night had spread its dewy veil
In chilly crystals, shining fair,
With dripping gown and ankles bare;
How oft I saw her in the field,
When moon a somber light did yield.

REFLECTIONS OF PETE LABOE.

Aloae and weary raking hay
Till darkness dreve the moon away."

Now came the tender thought with tears,
Which on his soul had burned for years.
He stooped and laid his head so gray
Upon her weedy tomb to say:
"How oft beneath the hemlock wings,
On yonder slope where robin sings,
We wont to play in fond caress,
Or join in frolic on the grass.
'Twas there our souls together rushed,
When love in blushing childhood gushed;
'Twas there beneath the spreading shade,
When spring its velvet cloak had laid,
In purple blooms upon the green,
I broke the question most serene.
The answer came as from above,
Your heart was full with love of love,
And touched my ear with nuptial sound,
Beneath the branches on the ground."

He slowly raised his weary head,
Then shook his silver locks and said:

REFLECTIONS OF PETE LABOE.

"We tried to fix the time and place,
And planned the preacher's fee to raise;
We figured day, we figured night;
We built oft castles, dark and bright;
We tried each rule, but failed to give
The requisite to wed and live.
We met and chatted as before,
But calculation evermore
Unveiled the gloom of want and need,
And so in sorrow we agreed
To wait until some better time,
Or try our luck in foreign clime.
She joined her master, so did I,
To labor hard by hands apply,
For nothing else before us spread
Than servitude to make our bread.
Each day, each hour, from morn to night,
The thought of bondage dimmed our sight.
I tilled the soil, unflinching, true,
And planted corn which richly grew.
She, too, the maiden, bright and fair,
The yoke of servitude did bear.

REFLECTIONS OF PETE LABOE.

She lugged the urchins, raked the hay,
And carried water from the bay.
At dusk when darkness clad each dome,
Alone she drove the cattle home;
She milked the cows, she fed the swine,
And plucked the berries from the vine.
She gathered wood to feed the grate,
And darned and sewed till ev'ning late.
Each year we tried a step to rise,
To get a glimpse of Paradise:
But to our sorrow, steeped with rage,
Our station darker grew with age.
The sunshine which in childhood smiled
The lurid world, unsought, beguiled,
And filled our souls with dreams of hell,
With gloom which only slaves can tell.
The tender thoughts of early years
Have vanished with the flow of tears.
A stern reflection of our life
Lays bare to view revolting strife.
The nuptial bell which rang in youth
Is silent, mossy and uncouth.

REFLECTIONS OF PETE LABOE.

The castles which we oft did frame
Have crumbled into grief and shame,
And on their ruin dwell our tears.
Our smiles, our hope, of childhood years,
A thrill of horror stirs my soul.
The thoughts of youth, unfolded, roll
As silently the past I scan,
And gaze upon the tomb of man.
Beneath this turf of grass and weed
Lies one for whom my heart doth bleed.
Yes, one so pure, so sweet and fair
Whose sympathy I longed to share,
I saw often in the fragrant bower,
When toil resigned to action free,
We met and chatted here and there,
When meadows smiled with roses fair.
How often, yes, how often then
In budding youth we laid our plan,
The sunbeams round our vision played,
But turned to moonbeams as we laid
Our fancy on the screen of strife
With full reality of life.

REFLECTIONS OF PETE LABOE.

Ere long the laurels, wilted, waned,
For tyranny supremely reigned,
And paved our way with thorns and tears,
Which darkened all our future years.
Unyielding struggle sapped our strength,
Till death had worked its gloomy length;
The blooms of youth all turned to gray
And toil and sorrow laid away
Her form so fair beneath the sod
To dwell forever with her God.
The years that marked her earthly stroll
Lie fresh and keen upon my soul,
But lips I pressed in fond embrace
Now sleep in dust beyond my gaze,
And hands so full of care and toil
Are mingling with the mother soil."
A year of struggles fled apace,
And Pete Laboe then joined her place.
Their masters, too, now buried lie
On marble arms in dust nearby.
Their limbs are stretched in uncouth shape,
And pearls their cells no longer drape;

REFLECTIONS OF PETE LABOE.

For Nature says devoid of fear
That High and Low and hoary Seer
Shall turn to dust in one domain.
Where law shall rule the mighty train.

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

Listen, the bugle is tenderly pealing,
Lexington looming serenely today;
Heaven with glory above us revealing,
Freedom unfettered forever and aye.
Often, yes, often with smiles of affection
Scenes of the past are returning to view;
Struggles involving the right of protection
Ring from the graves of the noble and true.

Bravely the pilgrims their country defended,
Spirit of liberty prompted each man;
Down through the valleys they swiftly descended,
Fearless of death into battle they ran.
Cannons and muskets around them were roaring,
Yorktown their triumph proclaiming one day;
Higher and clearer the bugle-notes soaring,
Freedom unfettered forever and aye.

THE HEMLOCK.

A scene so enchanting came o'er my soul,
I saw the old hemlock and wildwood;
The river and cliffs, where cataracts roll,
With fancy and dreams of my childhood.
The thrushes were fluting sweet in the lea,
Their voices in consonance blended;
The tapering treetops tingled with glee,
And melodies softly ascended.

How often at noon or ev'ning serene,
The hemlock I courted divinely;
The hemlock that crowns the sweet-scenting green,
With branches outspreading sublimely.
Yes, often I sought the hemlock's cool shade,
So sacred and dear to my childhood,
Where breezes beguiling wafted and played
With fragrance that rose from the wildwood.

With longing I hail the shady green spot,
The hemlock that towers above it;
The murmuring stream, my father's old cot,
And songsters that circle around it.
Twas there in my youth when leisure it gave,
I sat with my mother delighted;
With mother so dear that sleeps in the grave
Till twilight our vision beighted.

HEROES OF SANTIAGO.

I.

Tell me, tell me, I beseech you;
 Tell me truly, brothers, do;
Tell me of the hope you cherished,
 Was it honor, pure and true?
 Was it fame,
 Or a name
On the wings of future ages?
 Tell me, brothers, do I pray;
Tell me of the glory wreathing
 Round your hoary heads today?

II.

On the breeze I hear the echo,
 Cannon's mouth proclaiming fame;
Loud it lifts with thrilling horror
 Deeds of sorrow, blood and shame,
 Deeds of shame
 Void of fame.
Nothing more; for listen, brothers!
 Fame to slay the mother's lad?
Fame to crush the bloom of promise
 Like a demon, fierce and mad?

HEROES OF SANTIAGO.

III.

Fame to wade in blood unguilty,
Pleading justice to your God?
Life in budding spring of manhood
Quenched unheeded with your rod.
Quenched in gore,
Nevermore
Shall the savage feats of mankind
Smile upon the throne of fame;
Beam with honor, pure and worthy,
Build a cherished, lasting name.

IV.

On the glass of time reflecting
Hang the shadows of the past;
Men that Homer couched in ballads
Sleep in darkness with the rest.
Sleep in rhyme,
Higher climb;
For the buds of pure affection
On the plane of virtue bloom:
Never cluster with their beauty
Round the warrior's haughty tomb.

HEROES OF SANTIAGO.

V.

Heroes like the great Napoleon,
Caesar of the Roman sway,
Shall before the rising sunbeams
Wither, die and pass away.
Wither fast,
Die at last
On the arms of bloody glory.
Which with evolution wanes,
Slow but steady as we journey
Up the higher, nobler planes.

SHEATHE YOUR SWORD.

My heart is sad, a scene of ghastly hue
Has spread its blood-stained bosom to my view,
The past, unheeded, lifts a cry of woe;
I hear the echo rising from below.
Inspired with dread, it trembles to my ear
With cannon's roar, with shouts of pain and fear.
Surveying all, the tears begin to flow
As oft I gaze with longing keen to know
The cause of blood, the want of human love,
The empty heart, devoid of God above.
O silly mortals! kings and monarchs strong
Beneath whose scepters moves the busy throng,
All linked together, welded into one,
By soul and flesh around a union throne,
Around the goal of equal destiny,
Where God and man unite their sympathy.
Still, like the beast whose breast is fraught
With savage passion, prompting savage thought,
I see the hoary age and docile youth,
Devising schemes to violate the truth.

SHEATHE YOUR SWORD.

That man who bears the living stamp of God
Should mount the musket, wield the bloody rod,
Has been to me a question hard to solve,
As Virtue fails this doctrine to involve.
The law divine, uniting God and man,
The sacred ties of nature's binding plan,
We have, O mortals! stabbed with saber bright,
Derided Love and lauded brutal might.
With broken heart I view the feuds of yore,
A sea of sorrow, death and stiffened gore,
Reveals the want of love and sympathy,
And chills the soul which lifts humanity.
To let resentment move the heart to wrath;
To teach the soul to lead a warlike path;
To foster hate, inspired with vengeance fierce,
Are follies floating down the stream of years.
I see before me cities paved with gold;
Yes, jeweled mansions, wealth and pomp untold;
I see before me mothers true and fair
With children grouped around them glad to share
Their love divine, their hope and sacred will,
With tender smiles which to the heart appeal;

SHEATHE YOUR SWORD.

I see before me fathers old and gray
Around the hearth where children titter gay;
I see them smile, the country's hope and guide,
With youthful mirth and patriotic pride.
The view expands, my thoughts with sadness roll,
Unveiling wastes around a bloody goal.
The blooming lads by force their virtue yield,
Ere long their bodies line the battlefield.
The savage pride which moves the human race
To rank of martial dignity and craze
Has left its marks of ruin, blood and tears,
From time unknown down through the stretch of years.
Can conscience sanction, folly to excess,
That standing armies elevate to bless?
Let Reason cross the wastes that war has made,
The bloody playgrounds where the shining blade
The sons of man, unblushing, weeded down,
Destroying all, the village, farm and town.
Degenerated man, devoid of heart,
Whose inward soul is breathing warlike art;
Whose cold instinct can hover o'er the dead
And fill the cannon's mouth with shells of lead.

SHEATHE YOUR SWORD.

Unchaste and soul-quenched, lower than the beast,
Whose frozen conscience never thaws to feast
Upon the field of love where Virtue dwells,
Or sympathy in pulsing bosoms swells.
Ah, mortals! sons of man, let Reason speak,
Permit the soul the divers planes to seek;
Unveil the scenes where armies wont to share
In bloody deeds with weapons fierce and bare.
Behold the peasants who unheeded toil;
Their brows are wet, they till the stubborn soil;
Their bony hands, unflinching, wield the hoe
And thousands gather roand to feast and grow
Upon their scanty fruit, by labor gained,
The autocrat, the soldier idly trained.
It chills my soul as oft I pause to scan
The wrong inspired by ignorance of man.
Behold, my brothers, see the useless crowd,
The multitude impertinent and proud,
Whose training nurses mean and wicked deeds;
To ruin, slay, their mission sadly leads.
Above their rank a sceptered king is crowned
With military pomp he gazes round.

SHEATHE YOUR SWORD.

His bosom beats with thoughts of low intent,
For man in truth to higher goal is bent.
In lieu of armies, soldiers trained to kill,
Encourage science, foster God's own will.
A glimpse of nature rather than to plead
For savage laurels which to mischief lead.
Unite mankind with ties of love and truth,
Unfold the good, the wounds inflicted soothe.
Beneath the crust of ignorance I see
The bloom of virtue smiling pure and free.
In nature's bosom truth inspiring lies
And love divine on wings elated flies.
Desist, my friends, to teach the young to wade
Through seas of guiltless blood with shining blade,
But seek to guide the old and rising youth
With thoughts of virtue, lasting love and truth.

QUEEN OF PEACE.

Yes, my soul grew restless
As I gazed around,
And beheld my brothers
Lying on the battle ground.
But as I was lonely gazing
Came a message on the breeze,
And beguiling as an angel
Rose the stately queen of peace
And beguiling as an angel
Rose the stately queen of peace.

Oft I stood and listened
To her words serene,
Which with gladness filled me
On the sad and lonely green.
On the green so sad and lonely,
As she viewed the deeds of yore,
There her soul with longing whispered:
“Peace on earth forevermore.”
There her soul with longing whispered:
“Peace on earth forevermore.”

THE MINSTREL AT SNOQUALMIE FALLS.

He paused on his way, he listened and gazed,
For Nature was chiming so purely;
He wondered what hand had chiseled the walls
That towered above him securely.

The sunbeams were weaving arches of gold,
And music to heaven ascended;
The spirit of God in nature revealed,
His echo in cataracts blended.

Inspiration burst with tears as he gazed,
The grandeur bewildered and stirred him;
The raging and foaming stream as it fell
Uplifted his soul and inspired him.

AN EVENING ON PUGET SOUND.

A vocal stretch in sapphire glow,
A sunset sea of melted gold,
Where dancing ripples softly laugh,
And music fills the balmy air.

In robes of green the banks outstretch,
The pine and fir with burning wings
Lay shadows on thy gleaming breast,
Where loving breezes gently play.

Above the clouds the snow-capped guards
Have pushed their heavy heads on high
To watch the sea-gulls sailing round
Upon the billows' streaming locks.

The fragrant blooms along the strand
Have drooped their heads in calm repose;
The sun has sunk behind the hills,
Where silver cloudlets float in wine.

THE BURST OF MORN ON PUGET SOUND.

Sad darkness creeps away in gloom,
The jeweled East begins to loom.

Bright streaks like fiery tongues appear,
Then blazing beams the earth endear.

Low hang the birds on wings in space,
The twilight melts around the place.

The ripples roll in gilded hue,
And pearl-set blooms bewitch the view.

A drowsy zephyr shakes the pine,
The partridge struts among the vine.

Now, mounts the sun the sky serene
To kiss the hillocks robed in green.

TRIBUTE TO MT. RAINIER.

How often have I turned with wonder unto thee,
Most awful form, the king of kings thou standest firm
On green-swathed feet, with head of silver rising high.
Enchanted I've stood and gazed upon thy rugged breast,
Outstretched with verdure, where fierce torrents swiftly roll
With thy huge tears to swell the deep, which carols loud,
And lifts a voice of praise unto thee—awful mount.
Canst thou, O sprite, which soars around this silent shape,
Tell me who set his pillars on the rock of time?
Who rounded his broad shoulders? robed his head with
snow?
Who dressed his feet with roses, hemlock, pine and fir?
Whose hand unlocked the streams which tumble down his
sides
With music which awakes the soul to ecstasy?
O God! Thy heart in rocks and winding torrents throbs;
In valleys decked with blooms; in cloudland streaked with
gold;
And would that I did know thy sacred will and plans.
How often in the morning when the sun emerged
From out the crimson curtain in the rosy East,
I've stood enchanted in Thy gentle breath and gazed,

TRIBUTE TO MT. RAINIER.

Filled with Thy soul, O God! my eyes grew dim with tears,
As I distracted viewed Thy work of ages long.
The sunbeams bore on seraph wings I watched and hailed,
As they descended from Thy blazing throne above,
And with the smiles of Heaven laid their tender lips
Upon Thy less divine creation—land and sea.

Uplifted, filled with rapture as I turn to thee,
O hoary mount! the monarch of the drifting clouds,
Below thy broad and chilly brow the sea-gulls hang,
Or drift on snowy wings around thy fragrant feet.
Thy bosom, sloping seaward, teems with streams that roll
With music fierce and mad, to mingle with the sea.
Precipitous and wild, the gushing torrents leap,
And rainbows bend in arches round thy rock-ribbed breast.
When heavenward I gaze, my soul is filled with joy,
As I behold the purple strung on bars of gold.
O clouds, which sweep above me, gray or flushed with red,
Can ye unveil the arm which pushed this form on high?
And blazing shafts, the signs of storm and thunderbolts,
Which shoot across the deep blue like Jove's burning car,
Can ye tell me the purpose of this hoary shape,
With head in heaven, feet sunk deep beneath the sea?

TRIBUTE TO MT. RAINIER.

Enchanting sunbeams, messengers from climes above,
Tell me who robed this stately form with dazzling light?
No answer, silence, save the sothing of the pine.
O God! to Thee I turn, Thou Nature's God, to Thee.
Within Thy bosom wisdom lurks in many moods.
Thy mighty hand this awful form through ages shaped
And clothed him with the garments of Thy own free soul.
Thou crowned him with a hood of snow and bade him
shine;
Thou loosened his huge tears and called the torrents forth;
Thou bade the roses and the wildwood dress his feet,
And sunbeams from above to paint his rugged breast.

TRIBUTE TO VENUS.

Silently when shadows blended
On the breast of night,
From thy blazing throne descended
Glimpses of delight.

Smiling purely,
And securely
Hung thy beams in dazzling pride
Down the heaven deep and wide.

In the ev'ning I have seen thee
Perched on silver feet,
Playing like a seraph round me,
Tenderly and sweet.

Playing, winking,
Softly blinking
From thy lofty throne on high
To thy sisters in the sky.

TRIBUTE TO VENUS.

On thy pearl-set bosom wreathing
Golden smiles of love;
Rapture which my soul is breathing
From the realm above.
Mute, beguiling,
Gently smiling,
As thy silver lances leap
Down the silent, azure deep.

Oft thy glory lifts our station,
Joy that heaven sips,
Which is falling to our vision
From thy solar lips.
Shining purely,
Tell me truly
What thy constant purpose be
In the blue and silent sea?

NOME.

Breezes flying over mountains down upon the gloomy Nome
Take me gently, I beseech you, as you southward seek to
roam.

Lust for treasure brought me hither from the verdant Pu-
get Sound,
Nuggets which my soul have tempted hid within this frozen
ground.

Mountain ranges sweeping northward to the shining polar
sea.
Gold-bestudded, proudly boasting, rugged monsters sad to
me.

Fainly would I honor give you as my soul unbiased speaks;
Riches doubtless throng your besom, spreading out with
snow-clad peaks.

Heaven often bends above you, sparkling bright with iris
hue;
Heavy breathe the rolling billows on the ocean deep and
blue.

Sunshine often in the summer cheers the lonely, blushing
bleom;
Fierce and savage broods the winter o'er the landscape
wrapped in gloom.

Cold and dreary is his palace, pillared firm with beams of
ice;
Frozen stands the lonely hillock, and the snow around it
flies.

NOME.

Often in the star-lit even, when the breezes chilled the lea;
When sweet fancy ushered gladness to my heart near by
the sea;

Often then stole thought and duty o'er my soul with many
tears,
Thinking deeply of the pleasure which I hailed in former
years;

Thinking of the present status, eager after gold and fame,
Grasping, hoarding, empty jewels in a manner steeped with
shame.

Often in a trance of wonder have I watched the eager
crowd,
Searching in a sort of madness up the rivers swift and loud.

Often, often as the sunbeams faded from my view at night
Have I listened to the lawless, lurking round with weapons
bright,

Driving men with blade and musket from their claims so
dearly paid;
Stabbing, shooting, bloody murder! as to plans that rovers
made.

Honest miner, haunted, tortured, as he little tried to make;
He who sought with pick and shovel mountain's stubborn
slope to break;

He who left his wife and children in a country far away,
Not to look for joy or glory, but their home to save and
pay;

NOME.

He who left his sweetheart sighing with a kiss upon her
lips;
He who left his weeping mother, gazing at the north-bound
ships.

These and others have been plundered, pity him who laid
the plan!
Pity all so low in spirit as to hurt their fellow men.

THE NORTHLAND NIGHTINGALE.

Bird of royal birth and station,
Oft my childhood thou didst charm,
With thy thrilling flute so tender
On the happy Valders farm.

Many years have passed unheeded.
Struggles which have ceased to be,
Since I left thy home and country
Far away beyond the sea.

Still, a fond remembrance fills me.
Fresh in love and cherished hope,
As I think about thy capers
On the pine-clad mountain slope.

In the morn when sunbeams scattered
Streaks of gold athwart the lea,
On the pine or weeping willow
Burst thy strains of jubilee.

THE NORTHLAND NIGHTINGALE.

When the sun in yonder westland
Drew his swords of silver hue
From the lips of drowsy billows,
Sweeter still thy music grew.

Soft and tender as the brooklet
Fell thy voice upon my ear,
With a charming touch of Heaven,
Pure, beguiling, sweet and clear.

Oft the twilight breeze did carol,
Shook with melodies my soul;
But its sighing strains soon vanished,
When thy music sought control.

When thou soared for pleasure northward,
Laden with the joy of May,
Then the hardy sons of Northland
Rose to listen to thy lay.

THE NORTHLAND NIGHTINGALE.

And the maidens, fair and blushing,
At the loom or spinning-wheel,
Rushed with sudden flirt and flutter
On the lawn with magic will.

Filled with joy thou sang delighted,
Panting forth a stream of love,
Like an angel, strayed, departed,
From the sunny clime above.

Oft my thoughts to thee are bending,
Thinking of the early years,
When I listened to thy fluting
Till my eyes grew dim with tears.

Would that I again could meet thee
On some fragrant mountain slope,
And with childhood spirit listen
To thy song of love and hope.

THE NORTHLAND NIGHTINGALE.

Leagues of sea and land are lying,
Stretched between thy home and mine,
Still thy notes inspire and fill me,
Lift my soul to spheres divine.

Time and distance cannot part us,
Chill nor mar our kindred ties;
Spirit which uplifts and guides thee
Also in my bosom lies.

THE SPYGLASS.

The pages on record that picture the past,
In stillness I view with the sages at rest.

'Tis clear to my mind as I ponder and gaze,
That man through his struggles uplifted the race.

A stretch of unfoldment in divers degree,
From Socrates' time to our Huxley I see.

The Anglos and Saxons like Teutons did rove,
The Vikings from Northland and others have strove.

With savage attempt as they wandered for prey,
To master the earth and each other to sway.

The sunshine that brooded in darkness and birth
Came smiling through clouds to illumine the earth.

Each choosing a clime to its liking and taste,
And nations were founded and separate placed.

THE SPYGLASS.

The tongue that each spoke was unwritten and crude;
The codes that existed more stifle than prude.

When ages departed to lie the dark tomb,
Then Ignorance grunted in desolate gloom;

When science was rooted, its tendrils increased,
As barbarous traits of humanity ceased.

The rapture inspiring brought musical chime,
And language was moulded to meter and rhyme.

The ships that were sailing the deep rolling sea
Wove nations together by friendly decree.

Through sequence of ages the nations entwined,
With argosies laden the ocean was lined.

The Schoolhouse appeared, though quite meager at first,
But grew and expanded as Ignorance cursed.

The sunshine of knowledge was driven from rest,
And darkness unfolded her hideous breast.

THE SPYGLASS.

As yet we are groping—our Heaven unborn—
But sunbeams are creeping to kiss the bright morn,

When nations shall weld round a union-laid throne,
All speak the same language, all counsel as one;

When Science shall blaze through the gorges of hell,
That God the Almighty His secrets may tell.

ON OPAL SEA.

Leap ye winds on sandalled feet,
And sing ye waves your sweetest chimes,
 On Opal Sea
 In jolly glee.

Laugh ye hemlock, fir and spruce,
And play ye breezes with their wings,
 In freedom's air,
 In sun so fair.

Smile ye flowers in gladness free,
I kiss your lips and love you true,
 Sweet daisies white,
 So pure and bright.

Burst ye rose-buds, fresh and full,
And drink the nectar heaven sips,
 The beams sublime
 From solar clime.

Lift your heads ye stately hills,
And scatter smiles where music flows,
 On Opal Sea,
 And land so free.

KING BACCHUS.

King Bacchus with his brimming cup
At Christmas eve was singing,
His soul was free, his lips were loud
With notes exalted ringing.

In jolly mood
Inspired he stood,
And praised the loving bowl.
With music in his soul.

He sipped the purple flush with joy.
Elated he was smiling,
At goblins in their jeweled ears,
Or ghosts on wings beguiling.

Again he sips
With ruby lips
The nectar in the glass,
Then round he lets it pass.

And drinking still, he grows and swells,
He hails the cup with pleasure,
And boasts of strength and daring feats,
His gold and costly treasure.

Again he sips
With ruby lips
The sparkling wine so red,
In honor of the dead.

KING BACCHUS.

He claims the crown, a royal crown,
King Bacchus in his glory.
But as he stands his scepter falls
And leaves a dreadful story.

Again he sips
With ruby lips
His loving, farewell bowl,
With sorrow in his soul.

No trophy crowns his weedy tomb,
He courted vice with pleasure.
He made the mothers sad at heart,
And tears the children's treasure.

His way was wrong.
His only song
Was sorrow steeped with shame,
To cluster round his name.

OUR DUTY.

It is our duty, one and all,
 To do our best;
To live a life which time may prove
 To be a test
Of virtue, honesty and truth
 As ages roll
With steady, firm, unchanging speed
 To higher goal.
It is our duty, one and all,
 To do our part,
To lift the fallen, poor and weak,
 With willing heart;
To stand united, werk as one,
 For truth and right;
To lead the weary, fettered soul
 To freedom's light.
It is our duty, one and all,
 To clear the way,
To build a bridge to higher planes
 From day to day;
To do our share of honest toil
 In court and lea;
To make the world divine and sweet
 On land and sea.

NELLIE BOHEE.

Alone on the pier sat Nellie Bohee,

At twilight in silent devotion;
Heartbroken she gazed with longing to see
Her father come sailing the ocean.

Chorus.

She waited alone, poor Nellie Bohee,
Alone on the pier by the ocean;
And saw far away the wide-spreading sea
With ships on its bosom in motion.

At last she beheld her ship from the pier,
And knelt as she waited in blessing;
Then toddled to kiss her father so dear
Aboard of the vessel now resting.

"Dear father," she said in accents quite low,
"Come go with me home I am waiting?
For mother is ill and anxious to know
About your long voyage belating."

NELLIE BOHEE.

"My Nellie," he sighed, "I cannot today,"
The captain in anguish repenting;
"Go tell to the world my darling I pray,
The curse of the wine glass so tempting."

FAREWELL TO THE PAST.

Farewell! each trying year, farewell!
Thy time has ceased to be,
Still in thy withered heart I hear
The echo of the free.

Thy path is robed with many smiles,
With tears and sorrow deep,
And struggles which my fathers bore
Within thy bosom sleep.

The kings that went to rule are mute,
Their lips in silence lay,
In dust upon their marble chins
Within their cells of clay.

Around their sacred berths I see
Their subjects, strong and frail,
Together stretched beneath the sod
Where equal rights prevail.

FAREWELL TO THE PAST.

No class distinction there is known,
They all together sleep;
The rich and poor, the wise and fool,
No serf to toil and weep.

How often on this weedy turf
Their deeds we fail to see,
Their onward march with weary steps
To freedom's jubilee.

Their struggles prompt us, teach, unfold,
A lesson true to life;
Yes, something good, I truly ween,
To mitigate our strife.

What should we gather from the past?
A question ever new;
The good, of course, the answer be,
The only treasure, too.

FAREWELL TO THE PAST.

Leave all the false, impure and bad,
In darkness buried safe;
Leave every creed and doctrine wrong
To perish in the grave.

Leave all which leads to woe and fear,
With sunshine fill thy soul,
And scatter smiles of love and truth,
As ages onward roll.

PEASANT OF TRANSVAAL.

He was a peasant, faithful to the soil,
A noble soul quite bent with years and toil.
His name was known for many leagues around
As Paul Van Dyke, a Boer firm and sound.
Below the Pisang, sloping southward down,
With ridges huge and wild behind the Siwand's town;
There he, Old Paul, with neighbors dwelled in peace,
And tilled the soil with comfort, joy and ease.
His heart was warm with patriotic love,
And for his guidance turned to God above;
His blood bore tints of Holland's sturdy race
And freedom smiled with boldness in his face.
At home he was a father, kind and dear,
And young and old pronounced his title clear;
Among the pioneers, the country's guide,
He swung the axe with courage, love and pride;
And on his back hung many trying years
Of frontier struggle, loneliness and tears;
From early manhood till his locks turned gray
He toiled, unflinching, on a spot of clay;

PEASANT OF TRANSVAAL.

And in a valley, spreading to the sun,
He had a pleasant homestead of his own.
On Sunday, like his neighbors, poor and rich,
He went to church to hear the parson preach.
In Sunday school he heard the children cite
The moral code, his guidin' lamp and light.
Each ev'ning ere his household did retire,
He read the scripture by the blazing fire:
His way was humble, he displayed no art,
But acted out the dictates of his heart.
He sought no place upon the scroll of fame;
He boasted not of royal birth or name.
No college course had he in youth enjoyed,
But leisure hours for study he employed.
The annals of his country, wit and lore,
Since Holland's pilgrims touched the Afric shore,
Lay fresh and unforgetten in his mind,
And with a force of logic oft defined
The British deeds and tyranny of yore.
That people of his clime with patience bore.
And often he in rising accents spoke
About the Lion's haughty men and yoke.

PEASANT OF TRANSVAAL.

The pioneers on Plymouth rocky strand,
The struggles of the early pilgrim band,
Unfolded to his view with dreadful thought
Of tyranny which British rule had brought.
His bosom burned, his prayer rose in vain;
Expatiating, he gazed across the main,
And saw the cruel yoke the people bore
With tears and longing on the Yankee shore.
A sting of horror pierced his soul and flesh,
He saw the sword, he heard the cannon's clash.
He told his household, neighbors all around,
That British shells would burst on Transvaal's ground.
His vision proved a warning to them all,
And peasants soon in rank of battle fall.
Ere long the cannons, fierce and loud, did roar,
And Boers with their muskets onward bore.
For freedom, justice, and their country dear,
They rushed to battle from afar and near.
The women, too, like brave and fearless men
With weapons on their shoulders into battle ran.
Now, Paul Van Dyke and all his neighbors round
With guns and hatchets seek the battle ground.

PEASANT OF TRANSVAAL.

Their homes, their children, lowing herds and all,
They leave to Heaven's sacred will and call.
Among the lot of Transvaal's noble sons
Were hoary heads that bent beneath the guns,
But to the buzzle sound they onward tread
The trembling age together with the lad.
"One motto only," thus the peasants spake,
"To fight for right or die for freedom's sake."
The valiant train of hardy toilers sweep
Adown the hills and into valleys deep.
The flitting beams on silver-moulded feet
From heaven's blazing dome their venture greet;
And brooklets played their mellow flutes with glee,
As on they pressed to fight for liberty.
Brave Paul Van Dyke and all his noble men
With dauntless courage into battle ran.
They fought with valor, onward! straight ahead!
They heeded not the shining blade or lead.
On Tugela, as twilight veiled the dell,
Then Paul Van Dyke a victim to the British fell.
As he alone before his captors stood,

PEASANT OF TRANSVAAL.

He pleaded not for mercy as a coward would;
But stated firmly on the hostile ground,
"My name is Dyke, a Beer firm and sound."
"A rebel of the blackest hue and mould,"
His captors cried in accents fierce and cold.
"Unmoved you stand, incapable of right,
Upon the threshold of a gloomy night."
"A rebel, no," the captive now began
To waft his reason to the earless men.
"The Boers are," he emphasized with zeal,
"A people loyal to their country's weal."
"Yes, loyal traitors to the British crown,
A savage horde, from mountains pouring down."
The redcoats to his pleading thus replied
With emphasis which thirst for blood implied.
Before a martial tribune he was brought,
And officers with skill of magic sought
To draw the secrets from his dauntless mind,
The secret plans the Boers had outlined.
The proffer came in tone of gentle air,
"Reveal all plans, each move in words lay bare,

PEASANT OF TRANSVAAL.

And gold shall crown you on the battle field,
But to the sword the rebels all must yield."

Brave Iyke, with locks of silver on his head,
Now resolutely rose and firmly said:

"Your honor, soldiers, men of lofty seats,
My heart which throbs with freedom's pulsing beats,
You may, to soothe your wrath and maddened spleen,
Pluck from my breast and scatter o'er the green,
Unt question net my country to betray,

My native land, my home, for life and pay."

He paused a moment, stroke his silver hair,
Then drew a breath, a breath of midnight air.

"The Boers," he continued, gazing round,
Have made their homes upon the Transvaal ground;
They faced the frontier, broke the stubborn sod;
They faced the savage with his bloody rod;
They turned the jungles into smiling fields;
They opened mines which treasure plenty yields.
And now you come, proclaim the will of God!
Demand our homes and every inch of sod.

Yes, now when wealth and plenty richly teem,
And frontier struggles with enchantment gleam,

PEASANT OF TRANSVAAL.

You draw the saber, ope the cannon's mouth,
And slay the pioneers both north and south,
Who braved the wilderness for freedom's sake;
Who sought a country fierce and wild to make
Homes for the homeless, comfort for the poor,
These who could not the crowded world endure.
Your honor, soldiers, men of royal mould,
Yes, men of learning, lofty rank and gold,
You may with ruthless steel the Boers slay;
Yes, stab their hearts and cover them with clay.
But listen, soldiers, soldiers of the English mould,
No man of Boer type will sell his land for gold;
No man of Boer type to save his life will yield,
Or turn a traitor on the battle field;
For justice steeped with freedom's holy blaze
Has moved with burning love our humble race;
And by and for our native soil we stand
Till death relieves us with his chilly hand."
The martial court that listened to his plea
Decided rose and let the peasant free.
His courage, warm with patriotic zeal,
Bestirred the tribune's heavy heart and will.

PEASANT OF TRANSVAAL.

The cruel thoughts which basked upon his soul
By silent reason into pity roll;
And bade his captive join the Boer's rank,
Across the stream, beyond the river bank.
Ere long conditions took a rapid change,
And British arms beheld a broader range.
May future now the wounds of war besoothe,
And pave the way with justice, love and truth.
Yes, build a bridge to Heaven's lofty dome,
And right the wrong in each and every home.

TRANSVAAL.

At Thy great throne, O God! I kneel,
I feel the stings of cruel steel.
What have I done I meekly pray?
For freedom's goal I weep today.
In blood my sons deep gasping lie,
Can greed for gold the cause deny?

I see the foe both north and south.
And ghastly roars the cannon's mouth;
But can the lead, the blood and tears
Rebuild the love of former years?
Can they besoothe my wounded breast?
Replant my feet on freedom's crest?

The pilgrims on the Afric soil
Forsook their homes for honest toil,
They threw their fortune on the wave,
And little thought of life or grave;
In foreign land they kissed the earth,
And prayed to God for freedom's birth.

Here come the foe their lives to quell--
See! volleys from the throats of hell.
O Lord! I kneel and humbly pray,
How can this be Thy will or way?
Save me, O God! my heart is torn,
And bleeding, dying, lost, forlorn.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

As twilight deepened around the wings of night, the man in the moon rode in his blazing chariot up the purple horizon, which melted into a soft blue as he scoured onward, leaving streaks of silver and gold behind. His hony head loomed brilliantly as he cast his big eyes upon the earth with a stern, reflective look. Rolling through the heavens with a steady motion, his staring eyes grew more intense and penetrating. He flung his flaming lances athwart the blue vault of the sky; his cheeks flushed and his streaming locks filled the firmament with celestial splendor.

Growing uneasy, he whipped his royal steeds into a burning whiteness and dashed through a black cloud like a meteor. As he landed on the opposite side in an open sea of bright azure, he shone with the luster of Venus, and magically poured a flood of Heavenly advice down the deep blue, proclaiming in a silvery phraseology: "From time immemorial I have made my regular journeys around the earth in my blazing vehicle for the purpose of guiding you during the dark and treacherous night. I have spread

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

my dazzling beams over cities and valleys; I have blazed the track of rich and poor; I have never quenched the flame of my lamp on any occasion or at any place. Notwithstanding the long stretch of years, I have done just as my father told me when he sent me into space on his mighty arm of gravitation, namely, to shine at night.

"I remember distinctly the crude beginning of our solar system; I have watched the wise and incessant work of our Creator, his busy fingers, his broad, sagacious head, robed with a mingling of snow and evergreen, spring lilies and summer blossoms, constantly changing from a fresh green to the yellow hue of autumn; from the icy touch of winter to the fragrant bower of spring.

"In my revolutions around your globe for millions of years I have had occasion to see many queer and interesting things. Often have I gazed with joy and glory in my soul at the progress of evolution; often have I hoped to see the summit of perfection, the union of heart and hand in the mighty realm of divine forces. But, alas! as my chariot rolled over fields of celestial serenity, it

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

plunged, now and then, into deep and black shadows, where bold conspirators incessantly worked on gigantic schemes to upset the equilibrium of the whole creation."

He paused for a moment, watched the steady motion of his steeds, then turned his staring eyes earthward again, gazing in an attitude of deep meditation. "I have a story to tell you," he resumed, deliberately, growing intense and earnest as he proceeded. "Long, long ago, the mighty Creator of all things, my father, your father, and everybody's father, had planned for the advent of man on the earth. He called forth from the bosom of his own soul a certain species of plants, which, with the flow of time, blossomed, changed, unfolded, beautified. From the same source he wrung the fishes and other animals of an inferior type, which also evolved into higher forms. He breathed intelligence into every living thing, an intelligence which expanded and penetrated into every molecule.

"Man sprang into existence by slow degree, unfolded and broadened, became the master of brute force and the highest form of living creatures. God, who is all, has

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

been generous with this peculiar composition called man. He has moulded his form in the crucible of beauty and grace; He has bathed his soul in the sunshine of intelligence and reason; He has opened the gates of Heaven and unlocked the vault of sublimity and rapture for his enjoyment and pleasure. But how has this creature called man appropriated nature's luxurious gifts?

"Perdition! my heart aches as I listen to the different nucleus of bald-headed schemers, counselling among themselves to violate every law; plan to burst the links of mutual affiliation and to loosen the golden clasp of eternal affinity which unite man and God into one. I have tried to refrain from giving expression to my view, but whereas, I see before me the highest form of nature throw aside the sunbeams of reason and wisdom, and, like apes, sip from the bowl of ignorance the poisonous juice of superstition, egotism and greed, I can no longer remain silent.

"Have you not heard the voice of truth whisper into your ears? Have you not observed the fact that Nature is

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

subjected to laws? Why do you not seem to live in harmony with natural law? To every action there is an equal reaction. This law penetrates the depth of the universe and operates in the ethical as well as in the physical realm."

A black cloud swept over the face of the moon and the old man turned his attention to the compass. As he regained a fair view of the earth he renewed his philosophical discourse with increased fervor: "I admire," he stated resolutely, "the good and noble, the pure and sublime; I adore the man or woman whose heart flows out for the purification of society and the unfoldment of mankind. Everyone, young and old, weak and strong, has a mission to perform, a duty to make life sweeter and better on the earth as well as beyond the grave. You are imbued and surrounded with the breath of God, the laws of nature are working in every tissue of your body, in the sap of the pine, in the soft blushes on the rose, in everything, everywhere. Joy, health and happiness are qualities radiating from the harmonious working of divine forces in nature.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

The hypocrite, the murderer, the slave of materialism should be pitied. They are ignorant of their low plane and incapable of appreciating the higher and more divine forces, emanating from the unfathomed depth of eternal love and sympathy."

His bright eyes swept over the surface of the earth, peeped into the royal palaces and the lower dives of the big cities. He shook his majestic locks and a fresh volley burst from his burning lips. "I hear with a painful sensation," he emphasized warmly, "the shouts of ranting trumpeters, advocates of creeds and dogmas, boosters of political parties and pipers of savage patriotism. Brush away the false and harbor the true. Examine the operation of nature; study the problem of life, and listen to the voice of God in the tumbling waterfalls, in the dashing waves of the ocean, in the whispering leaves of the laurel, in the tender melodies of the thrush. How do the birds of the forest worship their Creator? Listen to the soft and sweet flow of music on the treetop as the sun sinks below the golden horizon in the west? Does the nightin-

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

gale weave together traditional superstition for his faith, or does he drink from the inspiring bowl of God? Watch the gentle smiles of the lily as the sunbeams kiss its blossom, transfiguring it into a blushing crown of silver and gold. Observe the joy and harmony everywhere; study how delicately everything is attuned to natural laws. Unbosom your souls; read the bible of nature; cease to quarrel about moss-bearded creeds; unite your energy for the discovery of truth and wisdom embodied in the handiwork of God, the forces of universal intelligence. Unleek the current of love, and scatter far and wide the enchanted tendrils of fellowship.

"As I listen to your prattle on protection and patriotism my heart throbs with anger. I appreciate your sacred reverence for home; I glory in the love you manifest for your native country; but I abhor your disregard and littleness directed against your fellow brothers across the boundary line. Watch the birds, notice how happily they mingle in all the climes of the globe. Their language is one, their music a harmonious flow of love and universal

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sympathy. How does your mingling compare with the winged angels of the air?

"When a dispute arises as to the control of a piece of terra firma, nature's endowment, you show your teeth like a wolf in peril of losing his prey, and, with sword in one hand and the bible in the other, you rush to war, butcher each other down in the fashion of heartless savages. Each belligerent with its train of praying chaplains appeals on bended knees to the Supreme Master for power and strength to stab, shoot and kill. Picture to yourselves the situation, analyze the intrinsic meaning of your petition for divine aid? What is your religion? Who is your God?

"When thousands of homes are destroyed and happiness is blasted; when long stretches of territory are covered with dead and dying, the father's hope and the mother's love, then the victorious chiefs of brutality with a sprinkling of mutilated, or soul-quenched sons of war, return home to the beat of martial music. They are received with open arms; the people worship their heroism

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and laud their patriotism. The leading warriors, characterized as "generals," balderdash about their victories, now and then puffing up like a Tartar beer vender. The public listens to their harangue with acute ear; the press is effervescent with praise and congratulations. When election comes the most notable slayers are elevated to the supreme positions in the gift of the people. They occupy the presidential mansion, the gubernatorial chair, the halls of Congress. They are regarded as authority on government, as promoters of education and moral decency; in short, as the authors of liberty and the fathers of the country.

"The preacher in his respective pulpit offers thanks to the Almighty; he interlaces his prayers with rags of heroism, and skims with eulogistic eloquence over fields of bloody battles, where thousands of innocent lives were sacrificed to sooth the burning spleen of a few nobles, or to crown a knot of human destroyers with the honor of generalship. He surveys the throne of God and speaks

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.of savage deeds as being consistent with the wishes of Heaven."

The old man shook his hoary head into a streaming halo of snow, as he speeded hurriedly towards the zenith, renewing his dissertation with increasing force. "My heart burns," he exclaimed irascibly, "when I meditate upon God's own offspring. I have seen the bud of reason and the bloom of philosophic instinct uprooted and heaved into the grave by the cold hand of prejudice; I have seen the nightmare of superstition spreading its dark wings upon the pearl-set blooms of truth and love; I have seen the dogmatic advocate with his shining blade stabbing the hoary expounder of philosophy and wisdom.

"How dearly I loved old Socrates! How often did I shed dazzling beams to illumine the streets of Athen, when the brave sage stood barefooted in the midst of a dense multitude unfolding the maxim of moral conduct and the philosophy of life! But ah! how did the self-styled potentates, wielding the scepter of government, receive his ringing messages of wisdom and truth. Their

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prejudice was enkindled, their ignorance intensified; superstition became their plausible excuse; the hemlock was prepared, and the dauntless interpreter of the laws of nature drank the cup of death and fell into an untimely grave.

"Sociates is not the only one who sleeps in the dust a martyr of thought and freedom. Nay, a long train of brilliant stars bends over the horizon of your civilization. Blood and tears are flowing down the gorges of human greed, selfishness and vice. How can a man of thought and heart remain silent through untold ages? Constantly a panorama of crime has spread out before my eyes. I have seen kings, popes and monks crawl under the veil of religion to slaughter their fellow brothers; I have seen innocent men and women, faithful to justice, true to their honest conviction, burned at the stake under the guise of God's will; I have seen bald-headed age with one foot in church and the other in the grave at midnight's silent hour, scheming, working, to gain possession of the whole earth; I have seen homes ruined and children thrown on

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the arms of mercy by heartless fossils, who figure as moral lights and counselors of the people; I have seen the law-maker join hands with the pulpit orator in sanctioning the establishment of houses of ill-fame; I have seen the young girl, the bloom of the household, torn from the bosom of a loving mother and heaved into the den of prostitution; I have seen the young man, the pride of the fireside, dragged into the gilded hall of infamy; I have seen the future pillars of every nation—young girls and boys—led to ruin by the gaudy peacock of society with the full consent of hoary monsters, entrusted with the scepter of control."

It was now after midnight, and the old man hurriedly drove his brilliant steeds down the heavens. He cast his burning eyes once more upon the earth and proclaimed in a firm accentuation: "Before I bid you farewell, permit me to promulgate my views of life. My declaration comes from the heart and is consistent with universal laws, hence I speak without hesitation. You are depressing and repelling the spirit of your Creator and violating the laws

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

of your own being. You are burning the essence of your own happiness by cultivating the weeds of prejudice; you are driving sunshine out of your own bosoms by fostering superstitious creeds; you are trimming the wings of your own prosperity by retaliation. Banish your vanity for the amalgamation and upbuilding of the human race. God has drawn no line of distinction. You are all the offspring of the same stem. Extricate the impediment of the different tongues, which has a tendency to alienate and freeze the current of sympathy. Language is an instrumentality by which you convey your thoughts and should be universal. Obliterate dogmas and creeds, convert the gilded edifices, the temples of priests and monks, into schoolhouses. Uproot the tendrils of selfishness and greed and extend the hand of brotherhood to the weak and helpless. Read the book of nature, seek the shades of the pine for the presence of God, and listen to the voices of angels in the tinkling brook. Heaven is everywhere. God is within—the ego of the soul."

As the old man had delivered his proclamation, he rolled down the horizon in his silver vehicle and disappeared.

AT POULSBO BAY.

The ocean waves are softly ringing,
The wildwood pants with sweetness rare,
With tender voice the birds are singing,
And music trembles through the air,

Inspired with glee,
Which fills the lea
At Poulsbo bay.

The soul of happiness is smiling,
When morning bursts on pearl-set wing;
And hillocks laugh with joy beguiling.
While plumage songsters sweetly sing

Their freedom's air
In sunshine fair
At Poulsbo bay.

And jingle, tingle, ever chiming,
The wavelets roll with jubilee,
The sea and land together rhyming.
And breezes waft around in glee,

Afar and near
The heart to cheer
At Poulsbo bay.

IN GOD WE DWELL.

Ring out ye harps with love and truth,
On Earth, in Sea and Heaven blue;
And God uncertain to our grasp,
The God impartial, firm and true.

Is Hell a den of many looks,
And Heaven, too, a part of all?
O mighty Soul! unfold and smile,
With Nature's God we stand or fall.

O death! a change from night to morn,
Which leads to sweeter, purer life,
As on we press to higher planes
By each succeeding hope and strife.

Yes, God in man and man in God
Through life or death on either shore,
On either shore in Nature's breast
We dwell forever, evermore.

THE BALTIC SCRIBE.

By the Baltic rolling sea,
On the Finnish shore,
Lived an old, sagacious scribe
In the days of yore.
Silver locks were streaming
Like a halo gleaming
Down his furrowed face,
Marked with grief and grace.
With a bright and mellow glow,
Firm in spirit true,
Burned his gentle, beaming eyes,
Deep in color blue.

In his throbbing bosom lay
Thoughts of right and wrong,
Tyranny which fiercely reigned
Moved his pen along.
For his little journal
Words of truth eternal
He inspiring wrote
In a metric note,
Which with freedom sparkle, burn,
Burning evermore,

THE BALTIC SCRIBE.

In the hearts of young and old,
On the Baltic shore,

Across the land, o'er hills and fragrant lea,
His stanza flew with hope of liberty.
The sons of Finland, patriotic, brave,
The ringing message soon expression gave.
Their love grew warmer, more intense and keen
Till freedom blossomed in their hearts serene.
Alas! their hope, imbued with sacred joy,
The Bear now sought with sabre to destroy;
For he had planned his country to extend
And blood to him a longing pleasure lend.

With bowed head the scribe with pen in hand
Was driven from his home and native land.
His little shop, his leaden types and press,
With which he sought injustice to redress,
Were to the flames with rousing jubilee
Unquestioned heaved to meek his liberty.
With fettered hands an easy prey he fell
To waste away within a dungeon cell.

THE BALTIC SCRIBE.

No more to see his wife and children dear,
His native land, his friends afar and near.

Shackles on his hands and feet,
Like a criminal,
Sat the old, sagacious scribe
In a dungeon cell.
Time with fury keeping,
Wife and children weeping
On the Finnish soil,
Where they wont to toil.
Homeless, helpless and forlorn,
Victims forced to yield
To the soldiers' brutal rage
On the bloody field.

Brokenhearted, helpless, lost,
Prayers rose in vain,
Mercy failed to calm the rage,
To besoothe the pain.
Brutes in soldiers' glory,
Heaven knows the story,

THE BALTIC SCRIBE.

Seized the victims, young and old,
All unheeded fell,
While the scribe with shackles bound
Reveled in his cell.

TRIBUTE TO LEIF ERIKSON.

Deep in thought he gazed around,
Ocean waves were rolling,
Breezes fanned his cherished hope,
Set his fancy strolling.

Like a sailor scenting storm,
Filled with daring notion,
Stood the Viking, Leif the Brave,
By the rock-bound ocean.

Land beyond the salty sea,
Flowery plains and wildwood,
Spread a picture to his view,
In his early childhood.

Mischief brooding on the deep,
Clouds in mad commotion
Filled his soul with bold exploits
On the stormy ocean.

TRIBUTE TO LEIF ERIKSON.

With a crew of fearless men,
Went to ocean faring.
Gallantly he westward sailed
With undaunted daring.

At the helm he firmly stood,
"Onward," he proclaiming;
Tempests sweeping o'er the sea
Set his eyes aflaming.

In the distance he beheld
Hillocks clad with wildwood,
Streamlets leaping through the vales,
Like in dreams of childhood.

"Vinland," he proclaimed with joy,
Land that he was seeking,
On the shore across the sea,
Leif, the Northland Viking.

TRIBUTE TO JENNY LIND.

Listen to the joy and gladness
At the golden dawn serene,
When the nightingale is singing
In the forest fresh and green.
Nature then with rapture trembles,
Music flows divine along
To besoothe our restless feeling
By the magic thrill of song.
Sweet in pleasure,
Clear in measure,
Float the melodies on high
From the wildwood to the sky.

As our thoughts enchanted wander,
Like the listless ocean crests,
Then a longing keen and tender
Steals into our throbbing breasts.
Friends departed gently prompt us,
Those who cheered the toiling throng,
Those who strewed our path with roses,
Filled our souls with joy and song.

TRIBUTE TO JENNY LIND.

Song that cheered us,
Moved and filled us,
Made our life serene and sweet,
When our hearts despondent beat.

Oft our eyes grow soft and dewy,
When the past returns to view,
When the pure and good inspire us
With a greeting kind and true,
With a greeting of remembrance,
Teeming with the joy of yore,
Like the mellow notes of Jenny,
Jenny Lind forevermore.

Song that cheered us,
Moved and filled us
With her soul divine and free,
With her joy and jubilee.

Sweet as thrushes' magic fluting
On the treetops in the lea,
Or the nightingale's deep clarion,
Trilled her voice with jubilee;

TRIBUTE TO JENNY LIND.

Rich in music as the brooklet,
Warbling through the meadow green,
Fell her silver notes so tender
From her lips with joy serene.
Song that cheered us,
Moved and filled us,
Filled our hearts to overflow
In the days of long ago.

Melodies which sweetly trembled
From her lips with jubilee
Were not all which graced her being,
Made her known from sea to sea.
In her bosom Virtue caroled,
Love and truth did ever glide
With her mellow strains of gladness
Like the fragrant-breathing tide.
Song that cheered us,
Moved and filled us,
As she onward smiling bore,
Svea's darling evermore.

SPRING NYMPH.

She comes in March on fragrant wing,
On fragrant wing,
The magic nymph with joy of spring,
With joy of spring.

She lays her lips on snow-clad peaks,
On snow-clad peaks,
And streamlets roll adown their cheeks,
Adown their cheeks.

She northward drives the chilly breeze,
The chilly breeze,
With touches warm o'er land and seas,
O'er land and seas.

She paints the lea afar and near,
Afar and near,
In color green, enchanting, clear,
Enchanting, clear.

SPRING NYMPH.

The meadows to her calling bloom,
Her calling bloom,
And skies above with fragrance loom,
With fragrance loom.

She makes the sap run up the trees,
Run up the trees,
The sun to wake the honey-bees.
The honey-bees.

She makes the birds on treetops green,
On treetops green,
To shake with song divine, serene,
Divine, serene.

Outdoors she calls the maidens fair,
The maidens fair,
The young and old her joy to share,
Her joy to share.

SPRING NYMPH.

Her witchery the glebe beguiles,
The glebe beguiles,
And sprouting corn abroadcast lies,
Abroadcast lies.

She makes the groves of fir and pine,
Of fir and pine,
To burst in bloom like eglantine,
Like eglantine.

When sunshine bids the summer sway,
The summer sway,
She blesses all and flits away,
And flits away.

IN THE COUNTRY.

Take me, take me to the old, old home,
 In the country,
Where the deer and elk so fondly roam,
 In the country,
Where the full-blown rose with fragrance bends,
And the mellow horn enchantment lends,
 In the country,
 In the country.

Let me sit where rivers swiftly roll,
 In the country,
With bewitching voice to cheer my soul,
 In the country.
Let me sip the joy that thrushes spill
On the morning twilight fresh and still,
 In the country,
 In the country.

'Twas there on the homestead far away,
 In the country,
That I heard the harp of nature play,
 In the country.
'Twas there by the sea in days of youth
That the voice of God my soul did soothe,
 In the country,
 In the country.

AROUND THE OLD HEARTH.

The willows have stiffened, their branches are leafless,
And lonely they stand on the bank by the river.
The monarch of winter is wielding his scepter
With hands that are shivering, cold as the northpole.
The brooklets are weaving their borders of silver,
And icicles hang like the swords of the Romans.
December appears and the heaven is sprinkled
With spangles of lead; from its bosom is falling,
So graceful the snowflakes, and sail down the deep blue.
The pine and the hemlock are draped with a mantie
Of white as they stand on the hillside in silence,
Beholding the splendor adorning the landscape.
When Yuletide approaches, the steeds and the chaises
Are heard on the highway with bells that are ringing
Clear as the brooklet that warbles in springtime.
The hearth now is blazing with comfort that pleases
And maidens are chatting around it delighted
With swains of their liking who came from a distance
To woo and to win them as sweethearts in wedlock.
And smiling serenely the basket of apples
The housewife is bringing to sweeten their pleasure.
Ah, little they care for the wind which is raging,
The fury which falls from his lips as he whistles.
Exalted in hope at the hearth they are chatting.
So cheerful and happy the swains with their sweethearts.

HUNTING MAMMA.

Little Jennie Lee was lonely,
Lonely playing on the lawn,
So she went to look for mamma
At the setting of the sun.
Mamma who had left her darling
Many, many years before,
With a smile as she departed
For the happy, golden shore.

Gazing round she wept in silence.
Toddled weeping to the sea,
Which outspreads below the homestead
By the fragrant, verdant lea.
Standing weary on the seashore,
Gazing, gazing, far and near,
Then she heard a gentle whisper,
"O my Jennie, darling dear."

HUNTING MAMMA.

'Twas her mamma's voice so tender,
Wafting, wafting, to her ear.
'Twas her voice which gently whispered,
"O my Jennie, darling dear."

Little Jennie Lee responded
Brokenhearted by the sea.
"Mamma, mamma, I am lonely;
Mamma, come and play with me?"

To her lips, with gladness trembling,
Came a sweet and tender kiss.
'Twas her mamma's gentle presence
Bringing love and Heaven's bliss.
'Darling Jennie, don't you worry,'
Said her mamma sweet and clear.
'I am with you late and early,
Watching you, my darling dear.'

Little Jennie smiled delighted,
Whispered low in childish tone,
"Mamma, come for I must hurry,
Papa is at home alone?"
'Darling dear,' her mamma answered,
"Tell your papa, kind and true,
I am with you late and early,
Tending, watching, all of you."

HUNTING MAMMA.

Smiling still she stood and listened,
Gazing at the waning day,
"Mamma dear," again she whispered,
"Come and go with me I pray?"
"Darling, don't you fret," she answered,
"I am with you evermore.
Tell your papa that I love him,
Love him truly, as before."

So, again she kissed her darling,
In a happy, sweet adieu.
Then in accents soft she told her,
"Jennie dear, be good and true.
Tell your papa that I love him,
Love him truly, as before.
Tell him we shall meet in Heaven,
There to mingle evermore."

TIME.

On thy broad wings I sail,
O aggravating time!
As ages onward speed
To higher, nobler clime.

How oft thy cheeks I hugged,
When tears were flowing fast,
But chilly smiles thou gave
To heal my wounded breast.

With thee I toss, O time!
On wings of cunning charms,
Through gulfs unknown for aye,
In nature's mighty arms.

SPRING HILL.

I know a place where roses bloom,
 Not far away,
I know a place where fountains flow
 In sunshine gay.
Majestic, grand, Spring Hill outspreads
 Where ripples roll
Across the bosom of the deep
 To cheer the soul.
'Twas there the wildwood laid its shades
 Upon the shore
When Amunds came to build his home
 In days of yore.
'Twas there he swung with brawny arms—
 O pioneer!
The axe which made the hillocks ring
 With music clear.
He banished by his sturdy stroke
 The forest gloom;
He made the rugged grove and lea
 To burst in bloom.

SPRING HILL.

And like a hero, brave and true,
 He passed away,
And on his tomb a fragrant wreath
 his friends did lay.
Spring Hill with blossoms fresh and green
 Adores his name,
And fountains babbling sweet with song
 His deeds proclaim.
So, sleep in peace—O pioneer!
 Beyond the sea,
A fond remembrance fills our souls
 With thoughts of thee.

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